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Poems
by
David M. Cory

PUBLISHERS' WEEKLY

28 Ap 05



There are verses 'neath this cover
 Good and bad ;
If you think you may discover
 Something sad,
 Or glad,
 Some new fad
To your liking, Gentle Reader,
 Buy this little pad.

12

H. B.

POEMS

BY
DAVID M. CORY



The Knickerbocker Press
New York
1904

12

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1905

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DAVID M. CORY

DEDICATION

To thee, O rapacious Scrap-Basket !
To thee, who oft holdest in scorn
The hopes, aspirations, and longings
Of many a poet that is born
 “ Non-fit ”
To woo and to win the coy Muse,
I dedicate all this *refuse* !

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POEMS

IN WAR TIME

O SUMMER Wind with soft, warm sighs,
My heart is sighing, too.
O pale wan Moon, in dim, gray skies,
See you my Lad in Blue ?

Last night I heard the whippo'will,
But who has changed his tune ?
No longer now a silvery thrill
Beneath a silvery moon.

His shrill notes echoed in the glade,
And ever in my dream
It sounded like the fife that played
Amidst the steel's cold gleam.

The breeze-blown boughs beat strange tattoos
Upon the answering wall;
Try as I might I could not choose
But hear the wild drum's call.

O Lady Moon, watch o'er my love!
O Winds, blow soft and true!
And safe upon the battlefield
God keep my Lad in Blue.

A-COMIN' HUM

MY boy 's a-comin' hum at last!
I hardly can keep still,
To think that Tom is almost here
Clean takes away my will.

The farm is runnin' by itself,
The chores is left undone,
The weeds hev almost choked the corn
A-reachin' for the sun.

It seems like years since last I heard
Him whistlin' down the lane.
I want to hear him holler "Dad!"
An' see his smile again.

I can't do nuthin' now but sit
An' listen for his drum.
The war is over, thank the Lord!
An' Tom 's a-comin' hum.

OUR TOAST

FILL the bumper up, my boys,
Dewey and his men!
Make a patriotic noise,
Cheer and cheer again!

Down with Spain! Her yellow rag
Trample in the dust!
Hoist the Stars and Stripes—our flag
Leads a cause that 's just.

Cuba now will soon be free,
Tyranny shall cease,
O'er the flag of Liberty
Shine the star of peace!

Fill the bumper up again—
Dewey is our toast!
Throw away the craven pen,
Make the sword our boast!

Hoist Old Glory o'er our head!
Here 's to every star!
Cheer the blue, the white, the red,
And every gallant tar!

VOX POPULI

THE stars and stripes a canopy o'erhead,
 Beneath, throughout the land, the tramp of feet;
 In one grand mighty throng our brothers meet
To right the wrong. One purpose can be read:
Avenge our country and our martyred dead!
 Down! down, with him who 'd have us now retreat
 To safe diplomacy and bring defeat
Upon our undimmed valor! Better dead
 Were we and rotting on a well-fought field
Than like a coward sit while murderous Spain
 The blood of Cuba spills. Are we to yield
For fear of selfish loss? We shall not gain
By deeds like this; our flag we only stain
 And dim the stars upon its azure shield.

HERE 'S TO YOU, MR. HOBSON!

MR. HOBSON, Mr. Hobson,
When you sunk the *Merrimac*
In Santiago Harbor,
Held the Spaniards in a trap,
We thought it just the bravest thing
That any man could do,
And we cheered you, Mr. Hobson,
And the world cheered with us, too.

But, Hobson, Mr. Hobson,
When a line of blushing misses
Stands ready to salute you
With their patriotic kisses,
We think it just the bravest thing
To stand there as you do—
And we 'd like to help you, Hobson,
If we had the courage to.

So here 's to hero Hobson,
Who sunk the *Merrimac*!
And, again, to hero Hobson,
Who gets the merrie smack!

WHEN THE CHORES IS DONE

THE road is a windin' dusty one,
An' marked by a rickerty line
Of fence-rails hid by goldenrod
An' clamberin' ros'berry vine.

The chaise is a derved old creakin' thing,
But the gal inside is fair,
An' the lips are red that chirrup "git-ap"
To Betsey, the old gray mare.

An' life at the farm would be twicet as hard,
From risin' to settin' sun,
Ef 't warn't that those lips were pursed for a kiss
When the evenin' chores is done.

JENNY

JENNY churns the cream to butter
In the dairy by the spring.
Of'n I creep up to listen,
Jes' to hear her sing,
W'ile she keeps the dasher goin'
Clunsch-clunsch in the yeller cream;
Thrush ain't in it fer a minit—
It 's sweeter 'n a dream.

Both her sleeves are tucked up high,
An' her arms are w'iter
Than the skimmed milk settin' by.
Cream 's a-gittin' tighter;
Jenny keeps the dasher, though,
Goin' jes' ez reg'lar,
Clunsch-clunsch in the cream below.
Gee ! her arms are awful strong,
She don't seem to mind it,
Fer she 's singin' all along.

“ Can't I help you some? ” sez I,
Makin' b'lieve I 'm passin' by,
Wen the holl time I have ben
Thru a knot-hole peekin' in.
Jenny looks up from her work ;
Gins her head a sarsy jerk.

JENNY

My! pooty 's a picter, she,
 Standin' there 'longside the churn,
 With thet yellor hair o' hern
 Shinin' in the mornin' sun,
 An' her bare arms rizzed in fun,
 Holdin' the dasher like a gun,
 An' a-sayin', with sparklin' eye,
 "Halt! I 'm goin' to shoot a *spy!*"

Jenny drives the cows home nights
 Wen the swamp-frog 's trummin'.
 Jenny's laugh and tinklin' bells,
 Ringin' 'cross the medder, tells
 Me she 's a-comin'.
 Restin' here I stan' an' wait,
 Leanin' 'gin the creakin' gate,
 On the rail a-drummin'.
 An' w'ile a-waitin', all along,
 Jenny's laugh, jes' like a song,
 In my heart 's a-hummin'.

Jenny 's ollers laughin'
 An' pokin' fun at me;
 Callin' me a "silly feller"
 Wen I sez "Your ha'r 's ez yellor
 Ez the cowslips in the medder;
 An' your lips, I swan, are redder
 'N the leetle wil' strawberry
 In the fiel's." "Go 'long!" sez she,
 "You!" But her eyes
 (Bluer 'n buzzin' bottle-flies)
 Turn away. Then I git bold,
 Roun' her waist I ketch a hold,

Snetch a kiss, then off I run.
 Jenny only laughs, and sez,
 As she shuts the kitchen door,
 "You 're easy scairt—might hed more
 Ef you 'd on'y waited!"

So I hang upon the gate.
 'N then I hear her wheel a whirrin',
 W'ile I stan' outside an' wait,
 Wishin' thet I hed hed more;
 An' at last I push the door.

"Jenny," I sez, hesitatin',
 Arter lookin' quite a spell,
 "Would you be willin' to—wal—
Spin my yarn fer me?"
 Jenny makes the wheel hum louder
 Than a bumbly-bee;
 An' her cheeks they git ez red
 Ez pineys in the flower-bed.
 "Won't you?" sez I, closer comin',
 "Ollers spin my yarn fer me?"
 An' tho' that derved old pesky
 Wheel is makin' sech a hummin',
 I think I hear her say "*Mebbe!*"

.

Me an' Jenny hev ben married
 Nigh onter a year.
 Of'n I look back an' wonder
 How we steered so clear;
 'Pears ez tho' we ollers hed ben,
 Jenny 's sech a dear.

An' the baby, mos' ez fair
 Ez its mother, I declare:
 Jenny's eyes an' yeller hair,
 Cunnin' laugh, an' silky cheeks
 Red ez beeches 'long the creeks.
 I 'd rother set an' watch 'em
 Nights a-rockin' in the cheer
 Than git the fust prize fer the
 Cattle at the County Fair.

"Jem," sez Jenny, "ain't he cunnin' ?
 Watch him kick his feet an' crow."
 "Come to dad," sez I to baby.
 "Hol' him right!" sez she, "jes' so!"
 Baby he don't care a nickle
 How you hol' him, though.
 "Keep him keerful now," sez she,
 "W'ile I git the cradle fixt.
 Watch him close, he 's up to tricks."
 "Hoopsy-daisy, dad's own baby!"
 Baby laughs an' crows an' kicks.
 "Put him in reel tender, Jem,"
 An' then she tucks him in.
 "Good-night, *my* baby!" soft sez she,
 A-lookin' up so sarsily—
 "Wal, baby 's yourn," sez I,
 "So long ez Jenny b'longs to me!"

THE WORLD ASLEEP

LIKE sentinels the watchful elms
In sturdy grandeur stand.
In armor green they move between
The sky and sleeping land.

The quiet stars their vigils keep;
And o'er the silvery moon
Their laces trace in flimsy grace
The mists from swamp and dune.

Beneath her drowsy, brooding wing
Calm Night has silenced all
The clamors rude; 't is solitude
Save for the gray bat's call.

The world 's asleep, the sun away,
Till Time brings forth another day.

TO MY MOTHER

I CANNOT feel that I 've outgrown
A loving mother's care—
A tender guiding hand to know,
Unselfish love to share.

Tho' wasted moments I have let
Unthinking glide away,
Fruitless of little acts of love
A thoughtful son should pay,

Such happy memories are mine
That backward take their flight—
I feel you leaning over me
To kiss me sweet good-night.

Sweet warm rose cheeks, and heaven's eyes
A wreath of silver hair—
My boyhood's days know but one face
Crowned with love's flowers fair.

From honor's code and love of God
You never let me part.
Thro' trials met on life's hard road
You cheered my troubled heart.

Your face to-day has all the bloom
It had when I was young—
Your voice, the same sweet melody
When lullabies were sung.

And while I hold your hand in mine,
Tho' father now I be,
I love to think I 'm still the boy
Who prayed upon your knee.

GOOD-BYES

THE sky is like the soft gray veil
That hides my Lady's face;
The glories of the summer
Have left a lingering grace.

A lazy, mazy atmosphere
Hangs 'twixt the earth and sky,
And all is silence, save at times
The wild crow's distant cry;

A murmur from the woodland,
A dreamy, drowsy breeze;
The swan-song of the summer
Thro' the red and yellow leaves.

A few late roses deck the fence
That straggles by the road;
They seem like spirits now returned
To haunt their June abode.

The time is fraught with parting—
The parting of the ways—
Good-bye, sweet-scented summer,
Farewell, dear dreamy days.

THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY

AN old-fashioned garden,
An old-fashioned girl,
An old-fashioned bonnet,
An old-fashioned curl—
Just peeping beneath—
Of old-fashioned brown;
An old-fashioned kerchief,
An old-fashioned gown.

An old-fashioned walk
To an old-fashioned gate;
An old-fashioned whisper,
“Why, darling, you 're late.”
An old-fashioned pressure
Of slim finger tips;
Old-fashioned kisses
On sweet trembling lips.

An old-fashioned question,
An old-fashioned doubt,
An old-fashioned answer,
A blush and a pout.
An old-fashioned wedding,
An old-fashioned bride,
Old-fashioned sorrows
And joys to divide.

L'ENVOI

And it 's not out of fashion—
Not even to-day—
To love and be loved
In this old-fashioned way.

DREAMLAND

THRO' Slumber Valley in Dreamland,
Where the roses blush and sigh,
Wanders a maiden called Sweet Dreams,
A-singing a lullaby.

Above, on a dreary mountain,
In a dark and dismal cave,
Lies the Ogre, Bad Dreams, snoring
Like a roaring ocean wave.

Would you rather wander, my darling,
When you 've closed your eyes in sleep,
Among the roses with Sweet Dreams,
Or climb up the mountain steep

To the gloomy cave where Bad Dreams
Snores with a terrible sound,
Till the mountain shakes and trembles
And the bats whirr round and round ?

You would rather wander with Sweet Dreams ?
I thought, little one, you would ;
And to-night you shall pluck the roses
If all day long you are good.

APPLE BLOSSOMS

UNDER the apple-tree we swung;
Above the fragrant blossoms hung,
White and pink, pink and white.
She seemed a blossom, too, I thought,
As she swung by my side as light
As rosy petal in leafy bed,
With her cheeks of pink and fair white throat.
Her pretty head
Nodded and swayed as we swung and swung,
Lazily up and lazily down;
Back and forth in the scented air
Under the trembling blossoms fair.

Swing low, my love,
My blossom sweet,
At the end of each swing
Our lips shall meet.

Swing high, my love,
Swing low, my love;
I 'll cradle your head
Like a dreamy dove,
While we touch the blossoms
Pink and white,
And fall again to earth
In our flight;

APPLE BLOSSOMS

When we press once more the
Blossoms pink,
And back again to the
Earth we sink.

Swing low, my love,
My blossom sweet,
At the end of each swing
Our lips shall meet.

MEDIOCRITY

THE song that sweet from his fancies sprung
Oft rose to his lips, but ne'er was sung;
The music that throbbed in his anxious brain
Charmed never an ear with its sad refrain;
The love in his heart that budded and bloomed
Was unrequited, then silently tombed;
And the prize he sought he never won,
Tho' hard he strove till his work was done;
No epitaph stands for the world to scan,—
He was only an *ordinary* man.

TRANSFORMATION.

IN the church on Easter
Esther sat demure,
Like a calla lily,
Graceful and as pure.

Little gilt-edged prayer-book—
Far too small for use—
Read she most intently—
Was it just a ruse ?

Looking up in prayer-time
O'er the oaken pew,
Found myself encountering
Esther's eyes of blue.

Then a transformation,
White was changed to red,
And my Easter lily
Was a rose instead.

THE MISER

GATHER ye roses while ye may—
I gathered my roses yesterday;
But now they are faded and soon will die.
Some should have been left on the stem; but I
Was too eager to save them all from decay.

TWO ROSES

I STAND in her garden,
Her garden of flowers,
And pluck a white rose,
Brush a thorn from the stem,
And I think of our meetings,
The swift, happy hours—
I think of them
Over and over again.

I stand in the churchyard,
The garden of death,
And I kneel by her grave
Where the tall grasses part;
And I lay a white rose
With its pure fragrant breath
Just over her heart,
Where the first rose had lain.

THE DREAM KISS

I LOVE her since I kissed her in my dream.
I knew not what love was till in the deep
And silent darkness of the night I felt
The tremor of her lips like winds that sweep
Across rose leaves with cadence soft and sweet.

MARJORIE

LITTLE maid of winsome three,
As you sit upon my knee
Looking, oh, so wistfully,
Up at me;
What do those dark eyes of thine,
Full of innocence divine,
See in this old face of mine,
Marjorie ?

Father Time with daily care
Has been ever busy there,
Marring youth that once was fair,
Marjorie.

Tell me what you see, my dear,
As I hold you fast and near,
Lots of wrinkles, odd and queer—
Marjorie ?

Little hands with soft caress
Gently cheeks of grandpa press;
With sweet childhood's grace they bless
Eighty-three.

Dear, ruthless Time can ne'er efface
Nor take from love its tender grace;
So love you see in grandpa's face,
Marjorie ?

THE LEGEND OF CASTINE

HAVE you heard the legend of old Castine,
A town that was finished long ago;
The home of the ancient Tarrantine,
Seat of their chief, Modockawando ?

A sleepy old town that once was rife
With the sound of cannon and musket-ball,
Where Yankee and Briton met in strife
'Round old Fort George, now a crumbling wall.

The story goes that the British, hard pressed,
Surrendered the fort and set sail from the bay;
And, in their hurry, forgot they had left
A drummer-boy locked in the dungeon gray.

In the budding spring, in after-years,
'Mid the crumbling walls where nest-birds come,
And the wild rose smiles thro' her April tears,
They found his skeleton bent o'er his drum.

And the people of Castine, every year,
On April fifteenth, from the dungeon wall,
Hear ghostly drum-beats; and, half in fear,
Hark to the roll of his phantom drum-call.

THE MERMAID

I SAW in the waves a pair of eyes,
A pair of mermaid's eyes.
They gazed at me with sweet surprise,
With sweet surprise they gazed.
And a soft voice came from the laughing wave,
"Come to my arms, be not afraid, be brave,
O timid mortal!
Plunge into the sea,
Confide all to me,
And I will make thee
The King of the Sea!"

Her voice like a bell,
A singing sea-shell,
Drew me close to the wave;
And her eyes held mine
In a spell divine;
My heart grew hot and brave.
Her white arms she spread
On the foamy bed
Of the rocking blue.
She called me once more,
"Come, love, and adore
Me as I do you!"

Into the laughing waves I leaped.
Close and fast her fair arms bound me
To her bosom warm and white.
Her kisses fell on my gasping lips,
And her tresses wound around me.
She held me close
Till my struggling breath
She kissed away
With her lips of death.

My senses wandered away, far away.
Was it her kisses, or was it the spray?
Her clinging arms that held me tight
Were cold as the wings of the waves at night.
Her voice that wooed like the coo of a shell
Now rung in my heart like a funeral knell.
"Maiden!" I gasped, "Death lurks in the wave!"
But the voice of the mermaid rang softly,
"Be brave;
Confide all to me,
And I will make thee
The King of the Sea!"

NOCTURNE

THE moon rose o'er the mountain,
And shed its silvery beams
Upon the sombre forest
And the meadow's dimpled streams;
While the stars of heaven unfolded,
Like an infant's sleepy eyes,
From out the clouds that curtained
Round the cradle of the skies—
And silence reigned.

Then Aurora from the eastward
Climbed up the mountains steep,
And folded up in rosy clouds
The little stars to sleep—
And morning broke.

SPRING

THE South Wind 's a-kissing the buds on the trees,
The crocus is lifting its head thro' the ground,
The smell of the marshes blows freshened and sweet,
The robins are singing the orchard around;
For springtime is here and summer 'll soon come.

The ploughed fields and hillsides lie warm 'neath the
sun,
The cattle are cropping the wild growing grasses,
The brook thro' the meadow is laughing in fun
As the ferns nod their heads to its tune as it passes,
While the bullfrog keeps trumming away on his drum.

The woods are beginning to dress up in green,
The maple with red buds is blossoming gay,
And love in the spring, when it is sixteen,
Is blossoming, too, in its own sweet way!

SUMMER

O THE days of June,
With their hazy tune
Of bees 'mid clover roving;
And the scent of flowers
Thro' the sun-kissed hours
Keeps all the world a-loving.

AUTUMN

THRO' the trees the wind is sighing,
Strewn around the leaves are lying,
Summer-time is dying, dying;
Autumn 's here.

Maples shiver in the blast,
Shedding rainbow colors fast,
Autumn 's here and summer 's past;
All is sere.

Southward now the swallows flying.
Hark, we hear the wild crow crying,
"Summer-time is dying, dying."
Soon the snow

Will hush the woods that once were ringing
With the minstrel breezes singing;
With the golden sunbeams clinging,
All aglow.

Soon, like leaves, we 'll drift away,
When has passed our summer day;
When in autumn, old and gray,
We bind our sheaves.

Ah, too soon
Speeds away our summer-time,
Vanishes our golden prime,
To the mournful autumn rhyme
Of falling leaves
Out of tune.

WINTER

HOARY winter stands outside a-knocking at the door.
Draw your chair up closer, lad, and stir the logs
once more.

Listen to the woodland songs the burning logs will sing;
Robin-redbreast nests again amid the budding spring;
Maples decked in peeping red buds, and the travailing
Earth,
A flower at her bosom, smiles o'er the springtime birth.

Listen to the wintry blast o'er heath and moorland roar.
Draw your chair up closer, lad, and stir the logs once
more.

The once-glad Earth is sleeping, and all the streams are
dead;
The flowers and the grasses with drifted snow o'erhead.
With naked arms uplifted, the trees like beggars cry
For warm bud-bringing south wind and sun-kissed sum-
mer sky.

Hark, how the north wind and the sleet beat against the
pane!

Draw your chair up closer, lad, the embers stir again.
Are you picturing castles gay ere the bright sparks die?
Dream your happiest day-dreams, lad,—long ago did I.
Youth sees radiant life and love in the flames of gold;
Age sees hope and boyish longings in the ashes cold.

The thoughtful, the mournful time of all the year, my
lad;

Winter, to an old man, oft is full of meaning sad.

.

Who is that a-knocking impatient at the door?

Draw my chair up closer, lad, I feel the cold the more.

VACATION

HURRAH for vacation,
The mountains, the sea!
A dog-cart or catboat
My plaything will be.

Like a babe with his rattle
I 'm laughing in glee;
There 's nothing on earth
Like vacation to me.

I 'm a kid with a go-cart—
Toy boat on the lake.
I 'm living for nothing
But pleasure's sweet sake.

And how madly I 'll follow
Frivolity's wake!
Summer-girl, are you ready
My patched heart to break?

Then, hurrah! for vacation,
The mountains, the sea!
A dog-cart or catboat
My plaything will be!

TO THE MISSES FICKLE

A LONELY crew of two are we,
Our girls remain behind.
Our hearts so sad shall yet be glad
Tho' love be still unkind.

'T was not our wish to leave the maids,
But others set the pace;
A Yale man gay, a pumpkin jay
Soon forced us out of place.

And now we wander on alone
'Neath silver moon and star;
And whether we shall ever see
Love's beacon from afar

Remains with those we 've left behind.
But if some gloomy night
Love's flame should beckon from the shore
To guide our wandering sight,

Then hard-a-lee and homeward bound;
The wind is whispering love.
We have been true to none but you,
We swear by stars above!

"By the sad sea waves,"

FLANDERS, L. I., August, 1896.

TO M. M. L.

LITTLE Fräulein,
My peerless queen,
Light of my eyes,
Fairest yet seen.

Down here at Flanders
You flirt with the men,
And easily snare them
Again and again.

For bait you 're still using
The glance of your eye;
The red of your lips,
Or a passionate sigh.

Your form it is supple,
With curves like a wave.
You 're a peach when in bathing;
About you they rave.

They say there are others;
For me there is none;
You take the whole bakery,
Including the bun!

FLANDERS, L. I., August, 1896.

TO W. W.

DEAR Little Brother:
Take off those overalls, Bill dear,
They make you look a trifle queer.
Each leg is far too short—'t ain't neat;
There 's too much bagging at the seat.
Their color was a healthy tan,
But now it 's on the bum, old man.
The crease is out, a button gone,
The starboard pocket 's badly torn.
One shoulder-strap is almost frayed;
You 'll have to have another made
Or else you 'll find them dropping off.
(I hear your best girl's modest cough.)
So, brother, get another pair;
If you 're hard-up, I 'll take a share;
One leg for you, for me the other;
So long, dear Bill.

Your elder

Brother.

FLANDERS, L. I., August, 1896.

AT FLANDERS

WE are the crew of the *Uno*.
We are the jolly tars,
We are the boys that can spend the dough,
And steer by the twinkling stars.

The moon is our love by night, heave-ho!
And tho' we 're a bachelor crew,
We can't get a single girl in tow,
For Rob is a Bum and Dave a Jew!

O what is the use of love, anyway?
A man is never too old.
Love is not true—straight tip for you,
Any girl can be bought for gold.

All girls are fickle, all girls are false,
And they never marry for love;
You can choose any one if you 've plenty of "mun,"
And she 'll call you her "hubby" and "dove"!

TO E. W.

ELSIE looks out of her window,
And behind the glistening pane
Her eyes are full of questioning:
Is it always going to rain ?
The sun will shine out, dearest one,
When summer comes again.

Then I look up to her window,
And she sees thro' the moistened pane
The old, old question in my eyes:
Is it always going to rain ?
Will love shine out and be my sun
When summer comes again ?

FLANDERS, L. I., August, 1896.

END OF VACATION

THE train is travelling on apace,
And I, like all the rest,
Lean back upon the seat and dream;
For dreaming now is best.

And with the aid of Memory dear
Peconic Bay I trace;
The meadows green, the barn and house,
Then each familiar face.

And I am with you once again;
How natural all things seem—
When suddenly I wake to find
The summer now is but a dream.

The summer now is but a dream;
How fast the moments sped!
And Memory plants forget-me-nots
Above fond pleasures dead.

O Time, stay but a moment more,
For these are happy days;
Health lingers on the laughing bay,
And love hath winsome ways.

TO E. W.

WHEN in the summer, dear, gone by
At Flanders, on the sands,
The ocean trembling with our love,
We stood with clasping hands;

For me no "other pebbles" were;
I called you "peach" and "pearl";
And vowed I loved none else but you—
You were my Summer Girl!

And now that you 've returned to town
And all the social whirl,
I often wonder, dear, if you
Would be my Winter Girl!

THERE ARE OTHERS

AND so she has refused you, Ned,
And you have wooed in vain?
Cheer up, old fellow, you 'll forget
When summer comes again.

Leave her to her coquetries,
Tho' she be a peach;
There are other pebbles, man,
All along the beach!

WINTER ROSES

“**G**OOD-NIGHT, dear girl,” and Dollie stands
Within the door and poses.
Before I go, I seize her hands
And kiss her winter roses.
Then to the florist next I go
To buy for her some posies.
One point I fear
Is but too clear—
There 's nothing really half so dear
As Dollie's winter roses!

WHERE THERE 'S A WILL

MARY had a little calf
(So I have been told!);
A modest girl was Mary,
Not the least bit bold.

So when the cycling fad came out
She sighed, then quickly said,
“ As bloomers don't become my style,
I 'll wear long pants instead! ”

TO MY SWEETHEART

HER smile is like the breaking dawn;
Her eyes, the sun that opes the morn;
Her teeth, like sparkling drops of dew
That glitter 'gainst the roses' hue;
Her mouth, the rose that holds the dew;
Her skin, a lily's purest white;
Her hair binds wayward sunbeams bright;
Her cheeks, kissed crimson by Old Sol.
Who is she? Why, my old rag-doll!

AUTUMN ROSES

R OSES kissed by summer winds
Have faded quite away.
But roses kissed by autumn winds
Are blooming fair to-day;
Are blooming fair in Mabel's cheeks
As tho' the month were May.

AN X-CELLENT WAY

SHE would not say she loved me,
Tho' I begged her oft to tell;
Tho' oft her scarlet lips I prest
'Neath love's ecstatic spell.

She would not say she loved me;
I began to pine and fret.
No wonder that I thought my
Maud was playing the coquette.

My heart with love was burning
And my brain was in a whirl;
When would I get an answer
From my love, the self-willed girl?

I pondered o'er the matter
Till at last one happy day
A brilliant idea struck me—
I 'll employ the new X-ray!

That night I photographed her heart
And found she loved me true;
But when I told her of it
She laughed, and said she knew
That any one could guess it—
“ Why, any *fool* but *you!* ”

A WISH

ROSES come, and roses go,
But I know
Where twin roses always blow:
In Carrie's cheeks.

Summer comes, and summer dies,
But summer skies
Always smile in Carrie's eyes.

Would those roses bloomed for me,
And my skies above might be
Carrie's eyes.

HAS IT COME TO THIS ?

SHE has taken all my collars;
My neckties, too, have flown.
She 's hardly left a thing, by gad,
That I can call my own.

My shirt-studs on the bureau were,
But now, O where are they ?
My link-studs and my scarf-pins, too,
She swiped the other day.

Last week she took a dress-shirt,
She says her collarettes don't fit,
And now I 'm wearing soiled ones—
Oh, I 'm a happy husband—nit!

But worst of all has come at last;
I saw it at a glance.
D—— the New Woman, anyhow,
When she wears your Sunday pants!

TO MADEMOISELLE

LAST night I had a leetle dream,
I dreamt, ma chere, of you.
Ze leetle dream, ma foi, how sweet—
But not so sweet que vous.

I thought I was a golden bee
Wizin a garden plein de fleurs;
Je flew bien vite to kiss a rose,
But kissed instead your lips, mon dieu!

Adieu, adieu, mon leetle dream!
Nous verrons—we shall see.
Some day, perhaps, je serai brave—
Allons! I play ze bee!

SMOKY FANCIES

WHAT do I see in my cigarette smoke
As it floats from my lips in the air ?
A wind-drifted cloud in a summer sky,
Or the foam of the waves in the mer ?

What do I see in the vapory cloud
That circles around my head ?
A hangman's noose, or a kingly crown, or
A winding shroud for the dead ?

You ask what I see in my cigarette smoke
That waves into clouds from my lips ?
*The hand of the "Poker Fiend" opposite me
That rakes in the last of my chips !*

ONE ON ME

“**H**ERE 'S the latest book of poems, just out.
Won't you take a look at it, sir ?” she said.
I glared from my desk that was strewn about
And piled with papers as high as my head.
I confess, I felt cross; was much put out
At being disturbed, and my mail not read.
“Confound all poetry!” I yelled. “I doubt
If you know,” said she, and her cheeks grew red,
“They are the poems of David Cory!”
I clung to the desk, I swayed in my chair;
At last my poems were gaining glory!
“Put me down for ten,” I said right away.
Then a glad smile rippled up to her hair,
“Thanks,” she said, “*first ever I sold. Good-day!*”

ONE ON HIM

“**C**ONFOUND this turkey!” Mr. Newlywed cries,
As vainly to carve a drumstick he tries.
“The meat is so tough, I don’t think it’s done.
I wish you’d discharge the cook with a gun!”
“The turkey’s all right,” replies his fond wife,
“But, dear, you’re using the *back* of the knife!”

SUSAN

SUSAN was an awful swell
And thought of naught but clothes.
She was the best-dressed girl in town,
And had a string of beaux.

Of apples dried she was so fond
That once she ate a pound,
And then she was the *swellest* girl
For many miles around!

THE NIGHT BEFORE XMAS

OH, REALLY, it is shocking,
When you 're an old-maid's stocking,
To find yourself a-hanging on the wall;
And to know you 're all alone
Without a chaperone,
When the clock is striking midnight in the hall.

O dear, I feel so thin
When a leg is not within
And no garter binds me tight above the knee!
O my heart, I hear a noise!
How I tremble as I poise,
For I am but a stocking, as you see.

O heavens! where 's my fan!
I 'm blushing all I can;
Though 't is only Santa Claus,
HE 'S A MAN!

A *DEAR* LITTLE THING!

THE dearest thing!
So quaint and rare;
With what a jaunty grace
It perches on my golden hair;
It *does* become my face.
(What my wife said to me.)

The *dearest* thing to me this spring,
Tho' there 's almost nothing on it.
What shall I do when the bill comes
In for that new Easter bonnet!
(What I said to myself.)

Haste little Love away to play,
Nurse Time will want thee soon.

MODESTY

SWEETHEART dear, what shall I name thee
In this lover's lay of mine?
Fearful lest thy lips might blame me,
Choose a name to fill the line.

Bashfully she bent her head,
Cheeks with blushes rife,
List to what the maiden said—
“Call me—call me *wife!*”

LOVE AT COLLEGE

HE is a '97 man;
A handsome lad and free.
A bit too fond of poker and
"Your health!" in eau de vie.

His cuts are on the debit side;
A billet doux a bill;
Conditions stare him in the face,
And yet he 'll laugh, and fill

His nicotine-hued meerschaum,
And swear he won't be bored;
Then sit and puff, and dream
Of girls whom he has once adored.

And he always ends by saying
He thinks, more than the rest,
That the little College Widow
He really loves the best.

"She was a trump to pay that bill!"
He mutters to himself.
"No other girl would do it—
But, then, she 's on the shelf!"

ALAS!

THIS morning thro' the window
I dreamt you floated in,
An airy, dreamy, misty little spright,
And straightway to my bedside
You came with laughing face,
And sitting up I caught you and held you warm and tight.

Then I drew you swiftly closer
And from your saucy mouth
I thought to steal your kisses by the score,
When, alas, my dream was broken
By my chubby nephew calling,
“ Merrie Xmas, Uncle! ” outside my chamber door.

MY LITTLE FASHION SAINT

IT doth become thee well, my dear,
Thy Easter bonnet quaint,
A dainty bit of halo for
My little Fashion Saint.
Tho' but a je ne sais quoi wreath
That decks thy pretty head,
With golden hair a-peeping thro'
Like radiant sunbeams shed;
Tho' but a little simple thing,
I know it cost a pile;
And till I get a raise, my dear,
Tho' Easter comes but once a year,
I won't propose a while!

SING A SONG OF NOAKES'

SING a song of *Noakes'*
And a pretty girl,
With a smile that coaxes,
Showing every pearl.

Sing of cheeks—pink posies;
Wayward jet-black tress;
Sing of lips, red roses,
Ripe for love's caress.

Sing you of your "Baby,"
Your "Peach," your "Bud," your "Pearl,"
Sing I of Fedora,
Who sets my heart awhirl.

TO FEDORA

YOU wear a new hat now, my dear,
But where 's the one of gray—
That gray fedora one you wore
A week ago to-day ?

The one you 're wearing now is chic ;
But, oh, that tint of gray
Became your dimpled rosy cheeks
In such a charming way.

Whene'er I saw a gray chapeau,
A maiden, neat and trim,
I looked to find the sunshine of
Your face beneath the brim.

PHYLIS

FAIR Phylis made a bet that she—
The saucy flirt—would conquer me,
Would make me fall on bended knee
Before her in a week.

I took the bet, and bravely strove
To utter naught of words of love,
Tho' oft my strength she 'd laughing prove
With rosy lip and cheek.

The week was almost past when I
Suggested that the ice we try—
Should with the fleeting moments vie
Upon the frozen places.

We glided up and down the pond,
Deep in the shadows, then beyond
To where the moon with golden wand
Made bright the frosty laces.

Alas, that I so boastfully
Had heralded my mastery!
I slipped upon the icy sea—
Ye gods and little fishes!

Her victory indeed complete!
Such luck did ever mortal meet
To find himself thrown at her feet
Against his very wishes ?

THE FLIRT

HE takes her hand—she takes his heart—for keeps;
Another wins her heart, but keeps his own; alas,
she weeps
To think she could not get
The other heart within her net.

REMINISCENCES

“MY dearest Maud:”
(At sight of her dear precious name
Such visions fill the room,
I only sit and reminisce,
Until the deep'ning gloom
Awakes me from my reveries
To don again the plume.)

“ My dearest Maud,
I love”
(Again I pause. That little word
My lonely heart has deeply stirred,
As on that day
When at her feet I said my prayer
Of love, and found my answer there
In eyes of gray.

(Dear one, why did we ever part?
Why did you send me back my heart?
You never *really* did;
You have it yet, my sweet, I trow,
For no one else has it, I know,
So very safely hid.)

REMINISCENCES

(There goes the clock—
'T is striking one!
And here 's my letter
Not half done.)

“ My dearest Maud:
I love you yet.
Say, let 's forgive,
And let 's forget.
O keep my heart—
Don't send it back,
Because it comes
From
Your true
Jack.”

LOVE'S BARGAIN

“ **A** KISS! a kiss!
My kingdom for a kiss!” he cried.
“ Where is it, may I ask ? ” she sighed.
“ Across in sunny Spain.”
“ So very far away ? ” said she,
“ I fear you ask in vain;
I will not barter kisses, Sir,
For such uncertain gain!”

“ My love a kingdom is!” cried he.
“ Ah, that is worth far more,” said she.

.
The kiss is his;
Love's kingdom hers to reign.

A MODERN RAPUNSEL

“ **L**ET down thy tresses, Love,” I sang
Beneath her latticed casement,
“And I will woo thee, gentle dove,
With kisses soft and words of love.
Let down thy strands of golden hair
And I will climb to thee, my fair,
My starry-eyed Rapunsel!”
She heard my love-impassioned cry,
And leaning from her window high,
Said, while the silvery moonbeams kissed her,
“Great Scott! I ’m not a Sutherland Sister!”

THE RIVALS

MR. HOBSON, Mr. Hobson,
You 've a rival in the field,
The kissing-bug is on the wing,
To him you now must yield.

Tho' no Santiago hero
And a protégé of Fame—
Tho' he never killed a Spaniard—
He gets there just the same.

He does n't wait for kisses—
Like a statue stand and wait—
He gets a great big hustle on
From early until late.

He busses every girl he sees,
And wonderful to tell,
Each merry maiden he has kissed
Becomes an awful *swell!*

Look to your laurels, Hobson,
And if you find this bug
Can beat your game of kissing,
Why—invent a Hobson Hug!

MY HEIR

WHERE did you get those eyes of blue, baby, I
wonder?

Not from your mother—hers are brown—mine, black as
thunder.

But that little red mouth of yours saying “goo-goo,”
And those tiny tight yellow curls, Mother gave you;
Also that nose of yours. Now, what did I
Give to you baby? There, there now, don't cry!
Come, come, you “little pink bundle of yell,”
Keep quiet, confound it—you quiet him, Nell!
Thank Heaven, this rascal got nothing from me!
“Except your sweet temper, Ned,” smiling, said she!

CUPID'S MISS

DAN CUPID took his wheel one day
To catch a cycle maiden,
He loitered on the boulevard
For one with beauty laden.

At last he spied a lovely bud,
Who set his heart on fire,
He raised his bow, the maiden missed,
But punctured deep her tire.

“That horrid tack!” My Lady cried,
While Cupid ran away.
“The cycle girl is arrow-proof!”
I heard the youngster say.

THE MODERN GIRL

ONCE I really thought I had her securely on the string—

This little unsophisticated peach.

But, alas, she 's coyly clinging to her leafy bough, and swinging

Above my rattled noddle, out of reach!

As I wandered thro' the orchard I spied the lovely thing,

With rounded, ruddy, rosy, ruby cheek,

And I said, "I 'll have that beauty; yes, it shall be Cupid's duty

To help me get that peachlet in a week."

So, armed with bow and arrow, Dan Cupid hand in hand

With me went to the orchard for our prey.

We shot off every arrow, but we never harmed a sparrow,

While the peachlet danced with laughter at our play.

"You 're a hoodoo, Mr. Cupid—can't shoot a little bit!"

And I pushed away this amorous little dandy.

"The only way to reach that saucy little peach

Is to sling a box of Huyler's chocolate candy!"

WHY ?

I - WISH they would invent a tie—
The kind of tie I mean
That would not twist her collar round
And 'neath her ear be seen.

I wish a shirt-waist could be found—
The kind of waist I mean
That would not bunch up from the skirt
And leave a space between.

And then I wish they 'd make a skirt
For "bikers" fat and lean,
That would not like a curtain rise
And show a ballet queen.

I wish—but never mind the wish;—
If all these shocks we needs must feel,
Why does it never happen that
You see a *pretty* girl awheel ?

AN UNCONCIOUS PROPOSAL

OVER the keys her fingers whirred
Like fluttering wings of a snow-white bird,
As he stood by her side and watched her there,
With her fair young face and her hazel hair.
And he lost himself as with quickening breath
He ended the note: "Yours, Mamie, till death!"
With a startled look she gazed in his face—
And—well, there 's a typewriter in her place!

ROCKAWAY

AT Rockaway the tide comes in
With breezes from the ocean,
And like a lover woos the strand
A-tremble with emotion.
The shadows creep along the beach,
And over land and sea
A pale pink mist—a sea-shell's glow—
Comes ever silently.

At Rockaway the night comes down
And folds the silent land.
The madcap waves, now lonely grown,
Are nestling to the sand.
The silver moon a silvery path
Throws o'er the sleeping bay—
The ocean rocks the world to sleep
At Rockaway.

TO LITA

TO kiss a Primrose!—Ah, alas!
The summer wind grows chill!
A primrose nodded 'neath the grass
And smiled at me—until
I stooped to pluck the pretty thing—
Yes, love indeed is blind—
No more a warm red flower there—
A frozen bud I find.

FEBRUARY XIV

WHEN Cupid was a simple youth,
Unused to wealth's inventions,
He thought a paper valentine
Quite up to his pretensions.

But now, forsooth, the naughty boy
Assumes a blasé tone,
The dear old-fashioned valentine
He thinks he has outgrown.

Hence Cupe must oft to Thorley go
To buy expensive roses;
For at the old-time tinsel heart
The maids turn up their noses.

But for my part give me the girl
Who loves the dear old line,
"The rose is red, the violet blue,"
Upon her valentine.

THE FIRST VALENTINE

“**T**HE rose is red, the violet blue”—
How well do I recall
Those words that first I sent to you
When both of us were small.

When both of us were young, my dear,
And love was just in bloom,
And Cupid on that valentine
Was armed with bow and plume.

In memory still that paper lace
Is blooming gay with flowers;
It seems to me but yesterday
We passed those happy hours.

The rose is red, the violet blue.
Dear tender first love's line!
To me you are the sweetest words
On any valentine.

HEARTS

“**H**EARTS! hearts for sale!” cried Cupid,
“Who ’ll buy a heart of me?
I ’ve little hearts and big hearts
In great variety.
And some are mild and some intense—
Who ’ll buy a heart at small expense?”

“Give me that great big red one,”
Quoth a little maiden fair,
“I ’m sure the man who owns that heart
Is bold to do and dare.
His hand I know is large and broad—
Soft at caresses, quick at the sword.”

“What! that one here?” cried Cupid,
“A blunder on my part.
’T is not for sale, a year ago
A woman stole that heart,
And yesterday among some things
I found this heart with broken strings.”

“I ’m so sorry, Mr. Cupid,
I—I stole that very heart,
And afterwards I lost it—
’T was careless on my part.
I want it back so much,” she sighed—
And here the little maiden cried.

“ There, there, don't weep,” said Cupid,
“ You may have it once again—
But see you keep it carefully,
For hearts are hearts, and men
Have only one, so learn your part—
To hold a man you must keep his heart.”

AN EXPERIMENT

I SENT my love a valentine
To test her heart's devotion.
I was a wild conceited poet—
Plague take the foolish notion.

Why did I not as former years
Send her the usual flowers?
I sent instead a rhyme of love
On which I wasted hours.

I thought that she was different from
The other girls I knew,
But found, alas! to my chagrin,
She knew a thing or two.

Next day I met her on the street,
I got a freezing glance,
She sallied by upon the arm
Of something dressed in pants.

That simpering dude had wiser been
And sent a box of posies.
Alas! that I had thought my poem
Could equal Thorley's roses.

TO BEATRICE

THOUGHTFUL eyes of dusky shade
 Make me for my soul afraid.
Bosom with celestial snow
Chance of Paradise forego.
Passion lips whose crimson charm
Thro' my blood sends wild alarm,
Wondrous hair, whose raven wing
Fragrant whispers harboring.
Sweet completeness, wherein lies
Undreamed, unsung Paradise.
Sweetheart, dear heart, tenderest
Woman in this world's unrest,
Let these simple lines of mine
Be a poor poet's valentine.

MIRAGE

HOPE is a fleeting will-o'-the-wisp,
Trust her not at all;
Remember that she only leads
Where the shadows fall.

TRANSPLANTED

A LONG a winding country road I found a wild-rose
growing.

So fair and sweet it seemed to me 'mid Nature's rustic
posies,
I stooped me down beside it, while the clover's breath
was blowing—
I will take it home and plant it in my garden of red
roses.

Then farther down the road I saw
A sun-kissed daughter of the farm
Come running out from porch-crowned door,
With water-pail upon each arm.

Near the well I paused and watched her;
O'er the fast decaying place,
Youthful beauty leaning, laughing
At the fair reflected face
Smiling to her from the mirror
In the bucket's close embrace.
I will woo and take her homeward;
This no spot for budding grace.

Soon the fragrance of the rose-bed in my garden kept
with care

'Gan to stifle and to smother my wild-rose that was so
fair.

And the wildness of her beauty lost its charm 'mid
flowers rare.

She was dying for the sighing of the grasses by the road,
And the murmur of the wild-bee with his honey-scented
load.

And the maid whose rustic beauty charmed my eye when
at the well,

Drest in velvets, silks, and laces, lost her own peculiar
spell,

And her beauty faded, faded, like the tune of some sweet
bell.

GEORGE DU MAURIER

OF the artist-poet the world is bereft.
And yet not dead, when to us he has left
A shining light in the dim halls of Time;
The work of a hand and a soul sublime.

No, never dead, when the soul of the man
Shines from the pages our eager eyes scan!
No, never dead, when the throb of his heart
Of the words he has writ is parcel and part!

And, as we pass thro' these corridors gray
And wist not if life hath another day,
Shall we be content, when decreed is our fate,
To leave naught behind but a name and a date ?

FIRST LOVE

I 'VE hung me a picture upon the wall;
A portrait I 've painted of my first love.
No one may enter the room where the smile
Of her face beams down from the dark above,
For closed are the windows and barred the door.
But when all is quiet I take the key
And turn me the lock of that sacred room—
The shrine of the love that came first to me—
And before her portrait I stand and gaze;
The time comes back that has winged away and
I walk by her side in the autumn haze,
Yes, I hear her voice and I feel her breath
Upon my cheek like the wind in the fall.
Ah, first love is best, is truest—sweetest!
I have hung me a picture upon the wall
Of the little room in my heart.

LIKE AS THE TROUBLED WAVES

LIKE as the troubled waves make for the restful land,
Or weary breezes for the quiet glades,
My spirit reaches out for thee. I stand
Uncertain of myself; the twilight fades
And thro' the scented silence of Night's shades
A bird is calling softly for her mate.
Dear one, stretch forth thy hand
And lead me thro' the gate,
And let thy garden be our world.

Love me much, if but a day.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES is dead; is dead!
No more in our ranks will his manly tread
Keep our lagging steps to the time;
Set the pace for our wavering feet.
No more will his lips mid the daily strife
Arouse our souls to a better life,
Urge us a higher plane to climb
Where more glorious visions meet
Our earth-accustomed eye.
No more—no more; and yet the memory
Of the man shall reign supreme
Within each heart.
Awake! awake! from idle dream
Of life. Awake, each one to do his part
As he, who toils no more!

AND YET

THE time I 've spent in drinking
Has often set me thinking
That I 'm an ass to sip the glass
Till eyes of mine are blinking.

And so, O hopeful heart of mine,
I swear I 'll never touch the wine;
Good-bye regret—and yet—and yet—
The jag I now have is divine.

WHAT 'S THE USE ?

WHAT 'S the use—
Half the world has played its part—
Other half will soon depart,
To play the same old thing again
Seems so stale—and then
What 's the use ?

What 's the use
Of woman's love—love 's the deuce
Before it 's over—the excuse
That you *thought* you loved is lame,
So you wearily exclaim
What 's the use ?

What 's the use
Of new sensations, when you cry
This is love, then wonder why
Love should hurt—when the pain
Swallows all the seeming gain
What 's the use ?

What 's the use ?
He who drinks must pay the fine.
While the sparkle 's on the wine
Toss up which—a smile or scowl—
Swear you 're happy—soon you 'll growl
What 's the use ?

DESPAIR

I STAND upon the sheltered rock,
The spot we used to know—
And watch the tide coming rushing in
Upon the sand below.

How boastfully it clasps the shore,
This wild tempestuous sea!
Its only care to waste itself
In foaming ecstasy.

I sit and muse, nor heed the day
Clings to the dying sun—
I only see the hopeless waves
Retreating one by one.

THE MASTER ARTIST

“**D**EAR rose,” to the flower I whispered,
 “The pink of your petals I seek;
I ’m painting a picture of Nora,
 With girlhood’s first blush on her cheek.

“And, violet sweet, have you heeded
 Her eyes? They ’re so tender and blue
I can find no color to match them,
 Unless I may borrow of you.

“For her forehead and throat so fair
 I have come, O white lily, to you;
For there is no tint to compare
 With the beauty of purity’s hue.”

And the buttercup gave, for the asking,
 All her gold, far more precious than pearls,
To make perfect my portrait of Nora’s
 “Little head sunning over with curls.”

But, ere the portrait was finished,
 One greater than I in the art,
Love, Master Artist, had pictured
 Her face in the shrine of my heart.

AT THE CONFESSIONAL

A TALL slim slip of a girl is she;
And yet she hath the air
(’T is strange in one so young)
To do or dare
A dangerous thing if needs must be—
But there,
Such idle thoughts are not for me—
A priest with vows of ministry.

RECOGNITION

BENEATH, the dead in earthen bed
Lie sleeping, while the stars o'erhead
Look down upon the pulseless throng,—
Amen to fight twixt right and wrong.

Some day to lie there with that band,
A part and parcel of the land
Whose fruitful womb may rear the seed
I 've sown with hopes beyond a weed.

Ah me, 't is hope that lights the stars
To smile on us behind the bars;
And if past death my flower bloom,
O kindly lay it on my tomb.

AD FINEM

WHEN joyous Death runs to me and with magic
hand

Severs the thong that binds my soul to earth,
Let there be music—not the notes of mirth,
But rather some long-treasured air
Of youth—the song my fair
Sweet mother used to sing. And while
She woke the blending chords, she 'd smile
And o'er her shoulder throw a loving nod—
Let this song usher me to God.

MAUD

MAUD is at the garden gate,
A red rose in her hair;
She will not have long to wait
Ere he will meet her there.

Ah, she never thinks of late—
Neither does she care—
It was I who o'er the gate
Once would kiss her there.

Maud is at the garden gate,
A fresh rose in her hair;
Will he have as long to wait
Ere to kiss he dare ?

Often laugh I at my fate,
Swear I do not care:
There are others I can mate;
Others just as fair.

But the subtle, dying fragrance
Of that first rose in her hair
Flaunts me, taunts me, ever haunts me
Since I placed it there.

DESOLATION

I WANT to see her face again,
I want to see her smile;
To hold her dear true hand in mine,
To sit and dream awhile.

To sit and dream awhile with her—
Just know that she is there;
To feel the silence throbbing with
Our first-love's perfect prayer.

To look in eyes that answer mine
With Heaven's honest blue;
To feel again my boyhood's faith—
To know one woman true.

I want her smile, her lips—herself,
Else all the world I lack,
I want to breathe her breath—I want—
I want God's Woman back.

LOVE'S SEASONS

MY golden one, my summer sun,
My apricot of sweetness,
With thee, my dove, my first-born love
Shall blossom to completeness.

Tho' summer die and violet sky
'Mid misty shrouds of autumn,
Thine eyes, dear one, will need no sun
To tell the violet sought them.

Let autumn ways of tinted haze
The hilly snow-drift cover,
Thy hills of snow my lips shall know,
And rose-buds there discover.

The Winter Wind may shake the blind
And whistle 'round the corner,
Within thy arms thy magic charms
Shall make my blood run warmer.

And when the spring on swallow's wing
Awakes the bud that lingers,
Upon thy breast our first-love's guest
Shall press his baby fingers.

ALLUREMENT

A CROSS the damp, dank meadow grass,
Beyond the swamp-land glades,
A star from heaven is stooping down
To light the sombre shades.

At times so near, and then, alas!
Across the mirrored streams
It trembles, like the ecstasy
Of unawakened dreams.

Alluring, restless star lead on,
Nor heed the night wind sighs,
Will-o'-the-wisp, to where thou wilt,
Thou light of her dear eyes.

AFTERWARDS

COME, artist, paint me a portrait—
(Dream pictures pale with time)
For love will lose the music
That lends the lilting rhyme.

Paint, like a crimson poppy,
Upon each cheek a blush;
The rest of the face cold white,
Like snow in the midnight hush.

Her eyes, a brown, and wide apart,
With the depth of quiet grief;
And give the brows a downward slant
Till they meet the poppy leaf.

Her mouth—wait, let me linger here,
For it used to change so oft,
I would have the mould I loved the best
When she kissed me long and soft.

At times her lips would tremble,
And a jealous love conceal—
Ah, make it a rose that 's cleft
In twain by anger's ruthless steel.

AFTERWARDS

You may paint her hair a chestnut,
Or brown if you wish to—so
That the rippling waves of tresses
Will hold the red sun's glow.

A full-length portrait, all of her
Body, white as the throne of God—
She whom I 've loved—and hated—and lost
Thro' being a doubting clod.

WOOING-TIME

THE wild rose smiled from the fringe all day
That skirted the dusty, dry roadway;
And the golden-rod with his breath of flame
Cried out his passion in love's sweet name.
But they waited until the summer sky
Had hid 'neath the hill her golden eye.

Polly and John in the creaking chaise
Are careless of Dobbin's lagging ways.
The evening breeze with its perfume sweet
Comes murmuring over the ripening wheat.
The day is done and the vesper calm
Is folding the fields and clustering farm;
And beyond the eastern meadow bar
The sky is nursing the first-born star.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND

WHEN South Wind blows soft blooms the rose
 Within her garden walls,
And nods and smiles with crimson wiles
 When Robin Redbreast calls.

The Lily slight in robe of white
 Bends graceful on her stalk,
As Monsieur Breeze with rustling leaves
 Comes gayly up the walk.

Now Xmas here, the garden drear,
 'Neath mistletoe beguiling
My lily trips, and rose-bud lips
 At me are coyly smiling.

FALLING HEAVENWARD

*G*OD created a perfect woman,
But the Devil wooed and won.

The eyes of a fallen angel
Have a wondrous depth. Sad Nun,
Alas! tho' you heard the singing
Of the lark at heaven's gate,
You fell at the song of your lover,
Breast to breast, insatiate!

Ah, no, 't is not to the woman
Who rests on her heights sublime,
And with moral passion bids
Us love's starry paths to climb,
But to her who drags her heaven
Down to earth for love, belongs
The soul of our inspirations—
The heart of our sweetest songs.

NIGHT

THE day is done, and Night from cave and nook
Steals forth; and with a silent, stealthy tread
Thro' streets fast dark'ning bears away the dead
Day; lived and loved and done, like tale in book.
Like eagle swift with talon and with hook,
She clutches fast the sky and drags it down—
A sable canopy above the town
Whose shadow falls where smiled the glad day's look.
Above the ragged line of house-tops rise
The tall church spires to the low rimmed skies,
Like tent-poles, holding up the dim, dark dome.
The belfry chimes; the owl goes forth to roam;
And save the sometime bark of dog, no rude
Disturbance breaks the dusky solitude.

THE RAINBOW

IT soon will rain, for like a hunted herd
Of dark-hide buffaloes across a plain
That sparkled where the daisies now lie slain,
A mass of thunder-bellowing clouds are spurred
Across the sky. The lightning cuts the rain
Like arrow slung from red-man's bow,
And finds the oak's stout heart, and lays it low;
And crash of oak and thunder sounds. Again
The Storm twangs forth his arrow from the cloud
That stands a breastwork hard against the grim
High frowning mountain-tops and cries aloud
Among their crevices and caverns dim.
At last, grown sick of war, he hangs his bow
On eastern wall to catch the sunset's glow.

WORL DLINGS

WHEN from my window I look to the street,
And see a little world unto himself
In ev'ry passer-by; the love of pelf,
The love of self, first aim for pleasure sweet,
I would I were away in safe retreat
Of glade or fairy-land, where some spry elf
Would bring me elfin wine to lose myself,
And see no more the Bad the Good defeat.
The little acts of charity and love
In this great teeming city are so rare
That I, who freshly start, oft long for air
That blows 'tween grass-green sod and blue above.
I am half-stifled with the waste of breath
For Self—that Self that ends so soon in death.

TO A FLIRT

MAID of the downward glance and laughing red,
Sweet mouth, how is it thou hast won my heart?
'T is strange, 't is passing strange I ne'er can part
From thought of thee. Thy face beams o'er my bed
At night with all its witchery. I 'm led
All day to thee in fancy sweet. Depart!
Depart! thou roguish face, for Cupid's dart,
Tho' wounding me, hath found her not. I said
I ne'er would love fair maid that loved not me;
Would be no sad, tear-eyed, love-fevered swain;
And true, I am not thus: but O the pain—
The sweet-and-bitter pain—to ever see
Her face in all things, and, alas! to know
Her heart with love for me will never glow!

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AN AUTUMN DAY

THE autumn air is mild and soft and sweet,
The hills are mounted with a purple haze,
Against the crimson of the woodland ways
The tawny yellow of the fields of wheat.
Deserted corn-stalks with their tassels brown
Complain with quavering tone the wanton wind.
The poppies in their beds awake to find
Upon their sleepy heads a frosty crown.
Along the dusty road Sir Golden-Rod
To Black-Eyed Susan nods and smiles away.
The nimble squirrel dances on the rail
Half hid by sweet wild rose in pink array.
And now the Western Sun, a globe of red,
Sinks o'er the mountain's brim and ends the day.

THOUGHTS

WHAT friends you are to me in idle hours,
What coigns of vantage have I gained thro' you,
Whence I may take an unobstructed view,
And undismayed gaze o'er the world's high towers;
Or else I 'm led by you to sylvan bowers
Where midst the verdant shade my fancy springs
And, unabashed by eye of critic, sings
Its simple song of summer skies and flowers.

My ever ready friends whose generous hands
Stretch out to meet mine own when sorrow comes,
To lead me from the world that frets and hums,
To mountain heights, where bright-eyed Fortune stands
And cries to me to drink of Hope's clear stream—
Then earth's defeats seem but a passing dream.

INSPIRATION

A LINE of sand with jutting rocks rough-strewn,
The ceaseless licking of the watery tongue,
Now lapping when a soft, mild air is sung,
Now frothing when the wind 's a wilder tune.
An empty shell the same old song doth croon,
The fiddlers creep their sandy cells among;
A sea-gull passes, from its wing is flung
A feather white upon the sandy dune.

I sit and watch the changing aspect, yet
The never-changing sea; his steadfast aim
That somehow, sometime he shall wind his arms
About the long-desired land to hold and claim.
Ah, restless sea, teach me thy great unrest,
To strive with faith like thine within my breast.

SONNET

THE jocund Day with mischief in her eyes
Slips thro' the misty curtains of the Night,
And throws upon the world her glances bright.
She smiles and lighter grow the sombre skies.
Before the rosy Maid the mist-cloud flies
And leaves the valley bathed in golden light,
Then fades in azure on a mountain height;
And now the last pale star in silence dies.

But amorous Night at length impatient grows
And at horizon's gate, their trysting place,
Expectant waits to clasp in his embrace
The fair young Day. She comes, and now he throws
His sable cloak about her, while her face
She softly hides and sinks to sweet repose.

REDEEMED

WITHIN the church the altar there
To me seems but a gilded chair.
The pomp, the images, the roll
Of Latin words touch not my soul.

The incense veiling Christ's pale face
Seems lacking apostolic grace.
A Pariah in the place I stand,
Save for the clasp of her dear hand.

The altar of my daily prayer
Is her pure breast. Her fragrant hair
The incense of a prayer divine—
Her clinging arms my ivory shrine.

Thro' her dear love I deem it much
The garment of my Lord to touch.

DREAMERS

THE mist from the river creeps into the town
And filters thro' crevice and cranny,
Dim grows the landscape—the green and the brown
Are turned to a gray, and a leaf falling down
Looks like a gray feather dropped from the wing
Of this Mist Bird from seaward—an uncanny thing.
In the silence I dream, while the candles of night
Like fire-flies glow thro' the curtains of mist.
The day has departed and far out of sight
Some other world wakens anew with its light:
Some other man wakens—and often it seems
Accomplishes all we have dared in our dreams.



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